GARRISON MSS.

Boston, Nov. 5, 1855.

My Dear Friend:

As I have not yet been out of the house, although I feel nearly recovered from my late violent attack, lacking only my usual strength, it is deemed prudent for me not to go to Weymouth to-day; though I find it very difficult to restrain myself from so doing. It would have been a mournful satisfaction to me to have been with you in this dark hour of affliction, and to have shown by my presence my respect for the memory of your excellent father. Though it was not often that he and I met, I shall never forget his kindly greeting, or the smile that constantly illuminated his fine countenance. He has seen "the last of earth" — his voyage of life is completed — he has reached his haven of rest. We may serenely leave him, and all our beloved dead, in the hands of Him "who doeth all things well," and "whose tender mercies are over all the works of his hands," now and evermore. No one cares for us, living or dying, so much as the ever-blessed God; and that love which is eternal, can never ultimately be defeated as to its object.

I shall be with you all in spirit to-day, blending my feelings with yours, and participating in your sadness; yet, with you, through the dark cloud seeing the face of a heavenly Father, and throngs of blissful spirits. My special regards and condolence to your dear mother.

Yours, with deepest sympathy,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Anne W. Weston.